

*the black boat belonging to the Hall built of stout timber is about
1200 back is a new original - it is the Luggage or inside
boats at Lige - that every time of John Henry is 1000*

The black boat THE

TOUR OF TIME.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

INTERSPERSED WITH NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

BY ROBERT PARSLEY.

To please my Neighbour is my only Aim,
And hope the Effort some Applause may claim;
Or should I fail, not meaning to offend,
I trust they'll pardon, tho' they can't commend.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR, NEAR CHRIST-CHURCH, SURREY.
M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

With a copy of friction wheels

0 11 13 15 17 19 21 23 25 27 29 31 33 35 37 39 41 43 45 47 49 51 53 55 57 59 61 63 65 67 69 71 73 75 77 79 81 83 85 87 89 91 93 95 97 99 101 103 105 107 109 111 113 115 117 119 121 123 125 127 129 131 133 135 137 139 141 143 145 147 149 151 153 155 157 159 161 163 165 167 169 171 173 175 177 179 181 183 185 187 189 191 193 195 197 199 201 203 205 207 209 211 213 215 217 219 221 223 225 227 229 231 233 235 237 239 241 243 245 247 249 251 253 255 257 259 261 263 265 267 269 271 273 275 277 279 281 283 285 287 289 291 293 295 297 299 301 303 305 307 309 311 313 315 317 319 321 323 325 327 329 331 333 335 337 339 341 343 345 347 349 351 353 355 357 359 361 363 365 367 369 371 373 375 377 379 381 383 385 387 389 391 393 395 397 399 401 403 405 407 409 411 413 415 417 419 421 423 425 427 429 431 433 435 437 439 441 443 445 447 449 451 453 455 457 459 461 463 465 467 469 471 473 475 477 479 481 483 485 487 489 491 493 495 497 499 501 503 505 507 509 511 513 515 517 519 521 523 525 527 529 531 533 535 537 539 541 543 545 547 549 551 553 555 557 559 561 563 565 567 569 571 573 575 577 579 581 583 585 587 589 591 593 595 597 599 601 603 605 607 609 611 613 615 617 619 621 623 625 627 629 631 633 635 637 639 641 643 645 647 649 651 653 655 657 659 661 663 665 667 669 671 673 675 677 679 681 683 685 687 689 691 693 695 697 699 701 703 705 707 709 711 713 715 717 719 721 723 725 727 729 731 733 735 737 739 741 743 745 747 749 751 753 755 757 759 761 763 765 767 769 771 773 775 777 779 781 783 785 787 789 791 793 795 797 799 801 803 805 807 809 811 813 815 817 819 821 823 825 827 829 831 833 835 837 839 841 843 845 847 849 851 853 855 857 859 861 863 865 867 869 871 873 875 877 879 881 883 885 887 889 891 893 895 897 899 901 903 905 907 909 911 913 915 917 919 921 923 925 927 929 931 933 935 937 939 941 943 945 947 949 951 953 955 957 959 961 963 965 967 969 971 973 975 977 979 981 983 985 987 989 991 993 995 997 999 1001 1003 1005 1007 1009 1011 1013 1015 1017 1019 1021 1023 1025 1027 1029 1031 1033 1035 1037 1039 1041 1043 1045 1047 1049 1051 1053 1055 1057 1059 1061 1063 1065 1067 1069 1071 1073 1075 1077 1079 1081 1083 1085 1087 1089 1091 1093 1095 1097 1099 1101 1103 1105 1107 1109 1111 1113 1115 1117 1119 1121 1123 1125 1127 1129 1131 1133 1135 1137 1139 1141 1143 1145 1147 1149 1151 1153 1155 1157 1159 1161 1163 1165 1167 1169 1171 1173 1175 1177 1179 1181 1183 1185 1187 1189 1191 1193 1195 1197 1199 1201 1203 1205 1207 1209 1211 1213 1215 1217 1219 1221 1223 1225 1227 1229 1231 1233 1235 1237 1239 1241 1243 1245 1247 1249 1251 1253 1255 1257 1259 1261 1263 1265 1267 1269 1271 1273 1275 1277 1279 1281 1283 1285 1287 1289 1291 1293 1295 1297 1299 1301 1303 1305 1307 1309 1311 1313 1315 1317 1319 1321 1323 1325 1327 1329 1331 1333 1335 1337 1339 1341 1343 1345 1347 1349 1351 1353 1355 1357 1359 1361 1363 1365 1367 1369 1371 1373 1375 1377 1379 1381 1383 1385 1387 1389 1391 1393 1395 1397 1399 1401 1403 1405 1407 1409 1411 1413 1415 1417 1419 1421 1423 1425 1427 1429 1431 1433 1435 1437 1439 1441 1443 1445 1447 1449 1451 1453 1455 1457 1459 1461 1463 1465 1467 1469 1471 1473 1475 1477 1479 1481 1483 1485 1487 1489 1491 1493 1495 1497 1499 1501 1503 1505 1507 1509 1511 1513 1515 1517 1519 1521 1523 1525 1527 1529 1531 1533 1535 1537 1539 1541 1543 1545 1547 1549 1551 1553 1555 1557 1559 1561 1563 1565 1567 1569 1571 1573 1575 1577 1579 1581 1583 1585 1587 1589 1591 1593 1595 1597 1599 1601 1603 1605 1607 1609 1611 1613 1615 1617 1619 1621 1623 1625 1627 1629 1631 1633 1635 1637 1639 1641 1643 1645 1647 1649 1651 1653 1655 1657 1659 1661 1663 1665 1667 1669 1671 1673 1675 1677 1679 1681 1683 1685 1687 1689 1691 1693 1695 1697 1699 1701 1703 1705 1707 1709 1711 1713 1715 1717 1719 1721 1723 1725 1727 1729 1731 1733 1735 1737 1739 1741 1743 1745 1747 1749 1751 1753 1755 1757 1759 1761 1763 1765 1767 1769 1771 1773 1775 1777 1779 1781 1783 1785 1787 1789 1791 1793 1795 1797 1799 1801 1803 1805 1807 1809 1811 1813 1815 1817 1819 1821 1823 1825 1827 1829 1831 1833 1835 1837 1839 1841 1843 1845 1847 1849 1851 1853 1855 1857 1859 1861 18

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ED AND SPOKE BY THE ATTORNEY AT THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE

11-1-1000 IN

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

THE WITHIN TRIFLE

IS HUMBL Y DEDICATED

To the INHABITANTS of the Parish of

CHRIST-CHURCH, SURREY;

By their obedient,

And obliged Servant,

December 15, 1788.

R. PARSLEY.

THE
AUTHOR'S ADDRESS
TO HIS BOOK.

Altered from Badcock.

POOR hapless offspring of an heedless hour,
On casual mercy like the foundling thrown;
How wilt thou struggle with the critic's pow'r;
How meet the pedant's lash, the bigot's frown.

See there a direful phalanx, see them come,
Critics, Poets, Doctors, from Oblivion's Court;
"Grinning a ghastly smile," each leaves his tomb,
To pay in earnest what I've done in sport.

Ah! luckless child of fancy's frolic hour,
Where can thy weakness for protection flee;
Haste, haste to friendship's ever peaceful bow'r,
There seek repose, and spread a couch for me.

THE

THE TOUR OF TIME.

WHILE never-halting Time with scythe and glaſs,
Enumerates our moments as they paſs;
Mild reaſon bids us prize the fleeting hour,
And ſeize the profer'd good, while in our power:
To fate obedient ſeaſons paſs away,
Nor will a minuet for a monarch ſtay;
The cringing favorite 'mongſt the courtly crew,
Whoſe ſmiling proſpects all in envy view;
While loling careleſs 'gainſt his maſter's throne,
By Time's vindictive hand hurl'd head long down;
Reduced from glory, to the verge of ſhame,
And made the ſcoff of thoſe he rais'd to fame.
The true-born patriot, who wou'd ſpill his blood,
Or part with life, for his dear country's good;
By Time convine'd to iſt his notions tend,
He ſees his error, and reſolves to mend;

B

Ac-

Accepts a place, and proves by hearty zēal,
 He values that beyond his country's weal ;
 But 'tis not man alone that owns the sway,
 The Great Command all nature must obey ;
 And eke the works of art, the well shap'd bust,
 By time is crumbled to its native dust ;
 And mouldring pyramids alone proclaim,
 The glories of the Greek and Roman name ;
 Time curbs the wind, rolls back the ebbing tide,
 Which scorns controul from ev'ry pow'r beside ;
 His touch is magic, and unmatch'd his skill,
 And even Death is subject to his will ;
 With chaos' self he did a life sustain,
 And will exist 'till chaos comes again :
 While onward he pursues his endless tour,
 And all things bear the relics of his pow'r ;
 On new form'd wonders with delight we gaze,
 While dear variety her charms displays.
 The proverb tells us " nought is new below",
 Yet every age can something nouvelle shew ;
 Nay oft the sun in his diurnal carr,
 Sees transformation shed her vivid glare ;
 And in the period of a few years space,
 In men and manners too, doth oft take place ;
 Old usage fails, new customs come instead,
 New scenes appear and former prospects fade :
 As now the muse which Time prompts on to sing,
 And make her numbers thro' the welkin ring ;

In humble metre tells, or strives to tell,
 To all who in this famous * Hamlet dwell;
 Where now the bard his meaning doth confine,
 Invoking prudence well to scan each line;
 For poets who wou'd live exempt from thrall,
 Must rather dip their pen in milk, then gall:
 No fulsome flatt'ry shall distain these sheets,
 Which palls the appetite with luscious sweets;
 Nor sour invective shall there here be found,
 Which like a caustic burns and probes the wound:
 Satire I loath—it only feeds the spleen,
 Nor would I ridicule my King or Queen;
 But hold them up in their due estimation,
 A bright example for this happy nation:
 To please my neighbour is my only aim,
 And hope the effort some applause may claim:
 Or should I fail, not meaning to offend,
 I trust they'll pardon, tho' they can't commend.
 A picture of the present scene to draw,
 And veil those beauties our fore-fathers saw,
 Wou'd be abandoning my first intent,
 Of watching Time thro' every maze he went:
 A splendid bridge which Milne's bright art displays,
 Bids foreigners with pleasing wonder gaze:
 While natives grateful this fair bulwark view,
 Which aids their commerce and their pleasure too:

* Christ-Church, Surrey.

But let me first that period declare,
 When citizens came forth to take the air,
 And ferried over with a skull to play,
 At skittles, and conclude the toilsome day:
 Then * Adam Cain whose fame is lasting still,
 Met every visitant with free good will,
 And offer'd each a trial of his skill:
 For he cou'd tip all nine, 'twas vast renown,
 But death at Time's decree has tip'd him down:
 Yet let not thoughts of Death or Time appall,
 For 'tis by fate the common lot of all,
 A safe retreat from cares that sure wou'd tire,
 And pleasures that at last wou'd cloy desire:
 Duck hunting was a pastime then in vogue,
 And often gratified the wanton rogue:
 Who thought no harm to torture a poor bird,
 Nor to its sense of feeling paid regard:
 The Westward corner was the fam'd resort,
 And that indeed is still a spot for sport;
 Duck hunting e'en is now in fashion there;
 The † Dog and Duck remain just where they were:
 Except this difference Time no change has made,
 The sportsmen then were dons who liv'd by trade,
 And wander'd forth to take a sober pipe,
 Consulting how to pluck their *plumb* when ripe:

* Adam Cain's was a house much frequented by the citizens, who used to ferry over to play at skittles, &c.

† St. George's Spa, or the Dog and Duck.

But many reasons here may be confign'd,
 Why then and now men wear an alter'd mind.
 But stop my muse, nor quit the promis'd plan,
 Revert to Christ Church where thy theme began;
 Which to St. Saviour's did ere while belong,
 Tho' alter'd now, the epithet's not wrong:
 One appellation serves for either name,
 As Christ and Saviour surely mean the same.
 To Harry Padgetts * dome some took their way,
 So fam'd for humming ale as old men say;
 Right Orthodox he stil'd the cheering cup,
 And recommended all to take a sup;
 So potent was this juice 'twould make the sad,
 • Forget their anxious sorrows and grow glad:
 Let France and Spain their clust'ring vineyards boast,
 But Sir John Barleycorn shall rule the roast;
 For British knights were ever of renown,
 And this a knight that's honor'd by the crown;
 Inspires each genius and improves each art,
 And makes right orthodox each Britons heart.
 † Where now the pauper earns his daily fare,
 The ancients met to bait the savage bear;

* Harry Padjett was fam'd for selling fine ale, which he named Orthodox.

† The Workhouse was originally an assembly for musical performances and bear baiting; after the cruel diversion of bating the bear, the company adjourned to the concert room; the last proprietors name was Larkin, these performances were generally on *Sundays*, in the reign of Henry

Then when the scene of barbarous mirth was o're,
Old Larkin gave them music's dulcist lore.

§ And where fair charity benignly smiles,
To chear the life thats worn with hardy toils,
Facetious Charles with all his merry court,
To join in jocund dance wou'd oft resort;
And taste the asparagus that grew hard by,
The first of British growth let none deny;

VIII. One. Crawley, a poet and printer, made and printed the following verses against bear bating, which is more commended for its zeal than its poetry.

What folly is this to keep with danger,
A great mastiff dog and a fowle ugly bear,
And to this one end, to see them both fight,
With terrible tearings, a full ongly fight,
And yet methinks those men be most fools of al,
Whose store of money is but very smal;
And yet every Sunday they will surely spend,
One peny or two, the bearward's living to mend.
At *Paris Garden* each Sunday a man shall not fail,
To find two or three hundred for the bearward's vale;
One halfpeny a-piece they use for to give,
When some have not more in their purses, I believe.
Wel at the last day their conscience will declare,
That the poor might have all that they might spare;
If you therefore it give to see a bear fight,
Be sure God his curse upon you will light.

See STOW'S SURVEY.

This Parish (as already mentioned) till of late, was a district belonging to that of St. Saviour's, denominated *Paris Garden*, in which were antiently kept two Bear Gardens, (which appears to have been the first that were erected in the neighbourhood of the City of London), for the entertainment of the populace, one whereof being overcharged with spectators on a *Sunday*, in the year 1582 it fell down during the performance, and a great number of persons were killed and wounded.

§ In *Green Walk* are the alms-houses of Charles Hopton, Esq. situated in a neat square; there are twenty-six houses for the reception of decayed tradesmen, and an elegant committee-room, where the trustees transact the business of the charity. On the spot where these alms-houses now stand, was formerly an assembly-house of King Charles II. and in the garden belonging thereunto was the first asparagus raised in England.

Tho'

Tho' Battersea presumes t'assert her claim,
 To this bright trophy of botannic fame;
 Yet we of Paris Garden manor, own,
 In cutting simples they were first 'tis known;
 But for asparagus, those of St. Saviour,
 First cut the luscious bud and prov'd its flavour;
 That famous dyer † Byfield of renown,
 Who tho' no patriot, dy'd to serve the crown;
 Not like the hero who expos'd in battle,
 Were cannons thunder and where musquets rattle;
 Die for their king with no reward but fame,
 For when he dy'd the due reward he'd claim;
 Thro' life's gay scenes there's none can say he hurried,
 For he dy'd twenty years ere he was buried;
 What I assert is neither jest or scorn,
 Ten years he dy'd ere his first son was born.

Yet nature seem'd uncouth in every part,
 Requiring aid from her fair handmaid art;
 Their cottages were paltry, low and mean,
 The lanes were narrow and but seldom clean;
 Yet learned heads and honest hearts were found,
 In social neighbourhood to dwell around;
 Still those were shunned by the great and gay,
 Few came but thro' necessity that way;

† Mr. Byfield, dyer to the royal wardrobe, was fam'd for his delightful and extensive gardens, canals, &c. The remains of the canals and part of his orchard, are now to be seen opposite to Burrow's Buildings.

Confusion took her stand upon the shore,
 And the hoarse boatmen bellow'd scull or oar;
 The uncivil manners of those knaves offended,
 Which caus'd the system to be chang'd and mended:
 Then public spirit rear'd her head on high,
 Which like a glowing meteor caught each eye;
 The bridge a safe commodious road display'd,
 And daring insult for convenience stray'd;
 While mild civility her reign began,
 For change in manners makes a change in man:
 Their bridge, tho' finish'd, yet they still lament,
 One evil which procrastinates th' intent:
 A fine was levied—passengers must pay,
 Or bend their destin'd course a different way;
 To free born Britons this was something hard,
 Yet 'twas complaint that met with no regard:
 To hinds who earned three groats a day 'twas killing,
 To part a penny from the splendid shilling:
 By zeal impress'd, this hardship to remove,
 And favoring fortune's blessings to improve;
 Th' inhabitants of Christ Church, in one mood,
 And one united phalanx, firmly stood,
 T' oppose oppression and her monstrous crew;
 Success approv'd and crown'd the measures too:
 Now liberty unshackled as the air,
 With smiling features blooming blythe and fair;
 Chaunts her gay song and trips it o'er the piers,
 Her hopes are crown'd and banish'd all her fears:

Still

Still to such patriots we must give applause,
 Who nobly stood in freedom's sacred cause :
 Still may their honors and their wealth increase,
 And each day crown'd with happiness and peace.

See from the sinking marsh a road extend,
 Firm, wide, and useful to its distant end ;
 While on each side the well form'd buildings rise,
 Neat and convenient to the gazer's eyes :
 Some stately, some for humbler tenants made,
 Some with broad windows for each shewy trade ;
 Some for mechanics shou'd they hither come,
 For every calling here may find a home.

From ruddy morning to the close of day,
 The busy workmen on each side the way,
 On labour bent, their various tools employ,
 Health waits their exercise, and toil is joy ;
 From each to each the song or laugh is heard,
 As stroke with stroke the hammer is uprear'd ;
 The forming file now grates upon the ear,
 And all is industry around you hear :
 The low built cottage now no more disgrace
 The rising glories of this envied place ;
 The swamps and marshes now no more appear,
 And every path is from obstruction clear.

So if large things we may compare with small,
 This spacious globe, this vast terrestrial ball ;

From darkness and the regions of old night;
 Sprung into order gloriously light :
 Pleasure and trade now pleas'd alike expand,
 And population crowns this alter'd strand;
 From pole to pole the busy crouds resort,
 To lend this new form'd colony support;
 Cosmopolites for traffic hither roam,
 Some with avidity for pleasure come;
 The grateful muse to please each sect inclin'd,
 Thus strives to satisfy th'admiring mind.

* The Albion Mills first your attention claim,
 The power of mechanism must give them fame;
 Wheels verge on wheels to aid each active part,
 And proves the whole a wond'rous piece of art;
 Across the road you'll other objects find,
 To wake the fancy and improve the mind;
 Exhaustless nature still supports her claim,
 And arts are secondary yet in fame;
 Rare birds and beasts collected from each shore,
 Which noble minds for knowledge still explore;
 By Lever § brought here to the eye expand,
 The native wonders of each foreign land;

* The Albion Mills is a neat and extensive piece of building, for an explanation of the Steam Engine, see Chambers' Dictionary. No strangers are admitted but through the means of a proprietor's ticket.

§ Nearly opposite to Albion Mills is the museum of the late Sir Ashton Lever, now in the possession of Mr. Parkinson, who has added many valuable curiosities to the collection, and in honour to the first possessor, has distinguished it under the title of the Leverian Museum. —Admittance every day, Sundays excepted, from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, at half-a-crown each.

The

The learned sage devoted to vertu',
 May here the treasures of creation view;
 The hippopotamus of monstrous size,
 'Midst pigmy quadrupids of various dyes,
 Strikes with astonishment the gazers eyes :
 Who with ejaculations near divine,
 Cry'd, Lord ! how glorious is each work of thine.

* Marshall due honors next must surely claim,
 He needs no herald to pronounce his fame ;

• Mr. John Marshall, of the Borough of Southwark, Gent. by his last will, dated Aug. 21, 1627, and proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, April 15, 1631, did devise the sum of seven hundred pounds towards erecting a church, with an estate of sixty pounds per annum, clear of all reprises, toward the maintenance of a minister, to officiate in the said church. In pursuance of which will the trustees appointed for the management of this business, having obtained a piece of ground in the precinct of Paris Gardens, with a convenient cemetery, they set about the work, wherein they expended the sum of seven hundred pounds, together with divers others collected for that purpose ; and although the said sums were not sufficient to finish the work, yet the inhabitants of the district wherein it is built, applied to parliament in the year 1670, to have the same erected into a parish, for accomplishing the intention of Mr. Marshall, the founder, which the parliament taking into consideration, they constituted the said district a distinct parish, by the appellation of Christ Church, according to the will of the founder, and in all respects made it independent of that of St. Saviour's, as if it had never belonged to the same. And by the authority aforesaid, the trustees, the heirs, and assigns, were appointed patrons of the said church for ever, with a power of raising money out of the founder's estate, for compleatly finishing the said church, and for paying the sum of one hundred pounds to the parish of St. Saviour's, in lieu of the contributions formerly paid by the inhabitants of this district towards the repairs of the church. And for the better maintenance of the rector, he and his successors are empowered to receive all tythes, compositions for tythes, oblations and dues whatsoever, which the inhabitants of the new parish were accustomed to pay before they were separated from that of St. Saviour's. The ground whereon the church stands, together with the cemetery, was given by Mr. Willian Angel, the then lord of the manor.

The brick church and steeple of this parish, by reason of bad foundations, became very ruinous, insomuch that Mr. Marshall's trustees applied to parliament in the year 1737, for a power to rebuild the same, with the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds in their hands, which arose from the said trust : pursuant to their petition, an act was made to enable them to rebuild the said church, within the space of three years from the 25th of December, 1738.

Stow says in his Survey, (speaking of Paris Garden being made a parish church) " The inhabitants on the west part of Southwark, bordering on the Thames, were multiplied considerably, consisting of woodmongers, timber-merchants, shipwrights, bargemen, watermen, and such whose living depended on the river ; and being a good distance from St. Saviour's church, it was a reasonable and pious act to provide a nearer place for these people to meet together for divine worship."

No tomb nor scrip need tell where he's inter'd,
A lasting monument himself has rear'd;
He set a beacon up a special guide,
For all who combat life's impetuous tide;
Thro' bursting billows, shoals, or murky skies,
It points to th' haven of eternal joys.

If from this hallow'd doom some chuse to stray,
And find the road to heaven a different way;
A tabernacle built for pious Hill †,
The deed was virtuous, and confirms the will;
Devotion, by whatever rite, if meant
For pure devotion, answers the intent.
The § Magdalen such blessings doth impart,
It claims the tribute of the humane heart;
Form'd for the wretched penitent's relief,
To calm their sorrows, and allay their grief:
Where many a daughter by seduction crost,
By kindred mourn'd, to anxious parents lost;
But here admitted through the friendly door,
Brought back to virtue—taught to sin no more.

Those who equestrian exercises chuse,
Must sure admire the matchless skill of Hughes* :

† The Surrey Chapel (better known by the name of the Rev. Rowland Hill's Chapel,) was built by subscription, and opened by the above gentleman on Easter Sunday, 1783.—Service twice on the sabbath, at eleven in the morning, and six in the evening; and every Tuesday evening and Friday morning throughout the year.

§ The Magdalen Hospital, a-receptacle for penitent prostitutes, was instituted in the year 1758, originally in Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields; the present building was incorporated in the year 1769. Here is public worship twice every sabbath, at eleven in the morning, and six in the evening, when a collection is made on entering the chapel.

* The Royal Circus, or Hughes's Riding School, a place of public entertainment; the building

For taught by him the horse such feats displays,
 As fills the mind with wonder and amaze;
 And when the ring with loud applause resounds,
 With zealous pride th'imprison'd courser bounds,
 Elate with praise, which proves the tale not treason,
 That tells us instinct is as vain as reason:
 The magic scene of mirth-fraught pantomime,
 And jocund humour, cant be deem'd a crime:
 The Royal Circus brings all this to light,
 And smiling fancy charms you every night.
 When daily toil forsakes her rigid station,
 The mind is sooth'd by modest relaxation.

Thus a new colony this spot appears,
 Where Industry her tow'r-crown'd head uprears:
 And if the muse cou'd scan the womb of time,
 Or might predict, she'd say, This new-found clime,
 Should vie with any in the lists of fame,
 Or, thus improving, just precedence claim.
 The old inhabitants with wonder view,
 A scene so strange, so charming, and so new:
 To every emegant, from every part,
 Whate'er his science, or whate'er his art;
 Waving the peaceful olive see them stand,
 To give all welcome to this new found land.

is a very neat edifice, the inside of which is fitted up in a very elegant style; the amusements consist of equestrian performances, burlettas, ballets, pantomimes, &c. The usual time of performance is generally from Easter Monday till the latter end of September.—Admittance, boxes 3s. pit 2s. and gallery 1s.

Such kindness to the Author has been shewn,
 And thus he aims t'acknowledge the fair boon :
 But now the muse wants words which shou'd reveal,
 The gratitude his bosom sure must feel :
 But let it be in honest praise express ;
 His wishes tow'rd his neighbours are the best ;
 And 'till the vital spark shall cease to glow,
 He'll aim to earn the favors they bestow.

May health, and wealth, and peace to all extend ;
 United may they live like friend and friend ;
 'Tis concord is the cement of mankind,
 And that in Christ Church may we ever find.

F I N I S.



ERRATA. Page 5, line 6, for minuet, read minute.—Page 10, line 1, for ore read o'er.—
 Page 11, line 10, for Were, read Where;

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